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“thou, thou foul thing? In the name of the Lord Jesus, go away!” And by speaking this it vanished, and sunk into the ground near the mare’s feet. It appeared to be of a *reddish ash colour*.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Baddy, who lived in Denbigh town, and was a dissenting minister in that place, went into his study one night, and, while he was reading or writing, he heard some one behind him laughing and grinning at him, which made him stop a little,—as well indeed it might. It came again, and then he wrote, on a piece of paper, that devil-wounding scripture, 1st John, 3d,—“For this was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil,”—and held it backwards from him, when the laughing ceased for ever: for it was a melancholy word to a scoffing devil, and enough to damp him. It would have damped him yet more, if he had shewn him James 2, 19—“The devils believe and tremble.” But he had enough for one time.

Mary M——, living near Crumlin Bridge, and standing on the bridge one evening, heard a weak voice, like that of a person in distress, going up the river, saying,—“O Duw pa beth y wnaif fi —O Duw pa beth y wnaif fi*?” At first she thought it was a human voice of one in distress; but, while she *was considering to think* what the voice was like, a great terror seized her suddenly, so that she thought her hair moved, and she could neither stir backward or forward from the place where she stood; but, seeing her cousin standing in the yard belonging to the house near the bridge, she with great difficulty called unto her, who had also heard the lamentable voice,—and she came to her. When Mary M. reached the house she fainted. The voice, which she heard, was most probably that of some disembodied spirit, who had lived and died in sin, and felt the wrath of God for it: which will make all impenitent sinners cry at last.

GYPSIES AND WITCHES.

ONCE on a time two gypsies came to the house of Lewis Thomas of Llanharan, in Glamorganshire, when he was not at home, and, seeing his wife by herself, began to be bold and very importunate for this and that, which they wanted; but she, having a disliking to these sort of people, commanded them to be gone,

* O God, what shall I do? O God, what shall I do?

which they refused to do, till she took down a cudgel and threatened to beat them, (for she was a strong bold woman,) at which they went away muttering and promising revenge. Some night after, they heard something like a bowl rolling above stairs, from the upper end of the chamber to the middle, stopping awhile, then rolling down to the foot of the stairs. Upon this, Lewis Thomas said to his wife,—“ I believe the old gypsy be come to give thee a visit, dame.” Next morning, when the good woman arose, she spied on the floor the print of a bare foot without a toe, and dipped in soot!—and gone from the foot of the stair towards the door! The next day, when they went to churn, the cream soon began to froth as if it were turning to butter, but it did not,—though they churned much and lustily. They, at length, poured it into a vessel; whence, after it had staid some time, came a thick slimy cream above, and underneath it was water coloured with a little milk. They boiled the cream, *having a notion it would torment the witch*,—and they were no more disturbed that way.

About the end of the 16th century there lived in the valley of Sirtowy, in Glamorganshire, one David Ziles, or Giles, an honest, substantial freeholder. His house was often troubled by night with witches, who were very mischievous, destroying the milk, beer, &c. &c. In process of time one Hopkin David, a quaker, and by trade a turner, came there to work. One night, when he was there, the witches made a disturbance, and seemed to him as if they were meddling with his tools. He rose from bed, and went down stairs: there he saw them like so many *cats*, and, knowing what they were, spake to them, and asked one “ Who art thou, and what is thy name?” To which she answered,—“ Elor Sir Gaer” (Carmarthenshire Ellen). He then asked another “ Who art thou?” the answer was—“ Mawd anghyfon” (unrighteous Mawd). And the other answered,—“ Isabel anonest” (unjust Isabel), to which he boldly replied,—“ Unjust is thy work in meddling with my tools, thou evil one.” He severely reprov'd and threatened them. As they confessed themselves, and knew they were in danger of punishment, they did not trouble the house afterwards. This good the honest quaker did to a worthy and innocent family.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your's, &c.

T. R.